The Matchless Murder.

Giving an Account of the most horrible and bloody murthering of the most worthy Gentleman *Thomas Thin* Esq; who was on *Sunday February* the twelfth 1682 barbarously killed in his own Coach by some blood-thirsty outlandish Villains, who shot five or six Bullets into his Belly, whereof he quickly died, and the names of the murtherers now lying in *Newgate*, who have confessed the same, are as followeth: Capt. *Christopher Frantz* a German, *George Borosky* a Polander, *John Stern* a German *Frederick Harder*, and *Amien Berg*, accessaries. To the Tune of *Troy Town*.

COme and assist my trembling Pen,
while I endeavour to explain
The bloody minds of cruel men,
That will no wickedness refrain,
But bloody Humors to fulfill,
Innocent blood they daily spill.

Now my sad story I'le begin,
The like I think you ne'r did hear,
How that Renowned Squire Thin
Alas murthered it doth plain appear;
Their bloody minds for to fulfill,
This Squire most horridly they kill.

On Sunday last this Gentleman
Clear of all Scandals or Reproach,
At severall places he had been
With Noble Monmouth in his Coach,
This worthy person thought no ill,
Whilst Villians sought his blood to (spill

And thus they pass'd the Streets along
Till seven or eight a Clock at night,
When then great Monmouth would be gone
In whom so much he did delight,
Poor soul he little thought of ill,
while villains sought his blood to spill.

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His Grace he was no sooner gone,
But this sad accident befell,
By Villains he was set upon
Near to a place that's call'd Pell-mell,
Their Hellish minds they did fulfill
and there his precious blood did spill.

Up to his Coach these Villains ride,
As he his Servants it is said,
With Weapons which they did provide
Whilst he poor soul was not afraid,
For harmless souls ne're fear no ill.
wicke villains seek their blood to spill

Meeting with him as they desired,
Their Hellish courage then grew hot,
Into his Coach at him they fired,
And into his belly him they shot,
And so like Villains him they kill'd,
& his most precious blood they spill'd.

Away like Villains then they fled,
With horror doubtless in their mind,
This worthy soul their quarters dead,
Bleeding in th Coach they left behind:
Now had the Villains got their will
That sought his precious blood to spill

When these unwelcome tydings came
To Noble Monmouths wondring ear,
His courage which none e'r could tame
Did on a suddain plain appear,
He strait pursu'd those that did spill
His precious blood that thought no ill

This Noble Hero did all night
Pursue these murtherers all in vain,
Till Sol with his resplendant light
Did to our sight return again,
But could not find those that did kill
That harmless soul as thought no ill

But Heaven did presently find out
What lovely Monmouth could not do,
T'was well he was the Coach gone out,
Or he might have been murthered too.
I fear that they who this Squire killd
Poor Jameys blood would feign have
spill'd
These Villains they were seiz'd at last,
And brought before his Majesty,
This horrid thing they then confest
Now Prisoners they in Newgate lie,
And be condemned no doubt they will,
that Squire Thin's sweet blood did spill

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